

MARVEL

012

POE

STAR WARS

SOULE
NOTO

DAMERON



MARVEL

012
VARIANT
EDITION

POE

STAR WARS™



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POE DAMERON

MARVEL
#12



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& SUNNY GHO | 10 / 48



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THE GATHERING STORM

It is a time of uncertainty in the galaxy. Standing against the oppression of the First Order is General Organa's Resistance, including Poe Dameron and his team of ace pilots – Black Squadron.

A new enemy has emerged: Terex, an officer of the First Order Security Bureau. Redoubling his efforts to destroy Poe and his team, Terex has retaken control of his previous crew, the ruthless Ranc gang—a move that has attracted the ire of First Order leader Kylo Ren.

While evading capture with droids C-3PO and N1-ZX, Poe suspects he has been tricked into leading Terex to the Resistance base. In confirming his suspicion, however, he is shot out of the sky by the Rancs, crash-landing on a desert planet....

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THEY'RE
COMING.

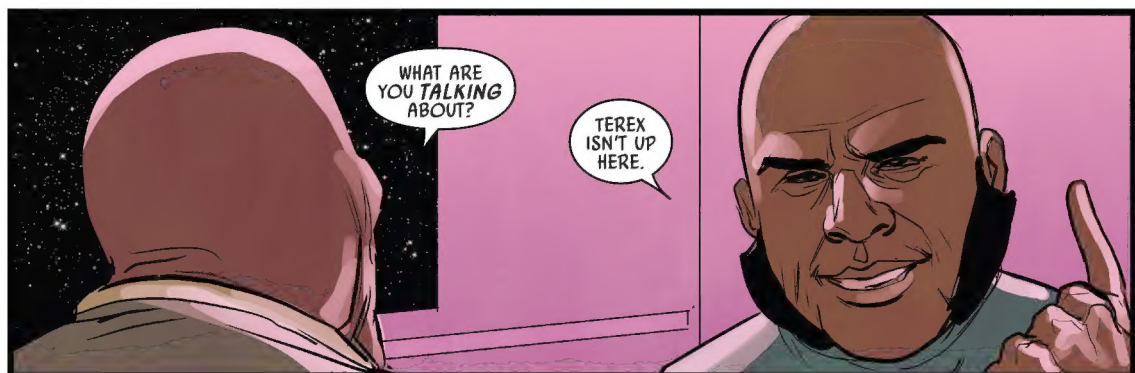
WE
NEED TO
MOVE.





The Carrion Spike.





"HE'S DOWN THERE."

WELL, FOR A
DESOLATE, FROZEN
ICE CAVE, THIS IS
ACTUALLY RATHER
LOVELY.



COME ALONG,
MEN. LET'S FLUSH OUT
OUR QUARRY. BUT BE CAUTIOUS.
POE DAMERON IS INFURIATING,
OVERCONFIDENT, AND
UNCULTURED--BUT
DANGEROUS.

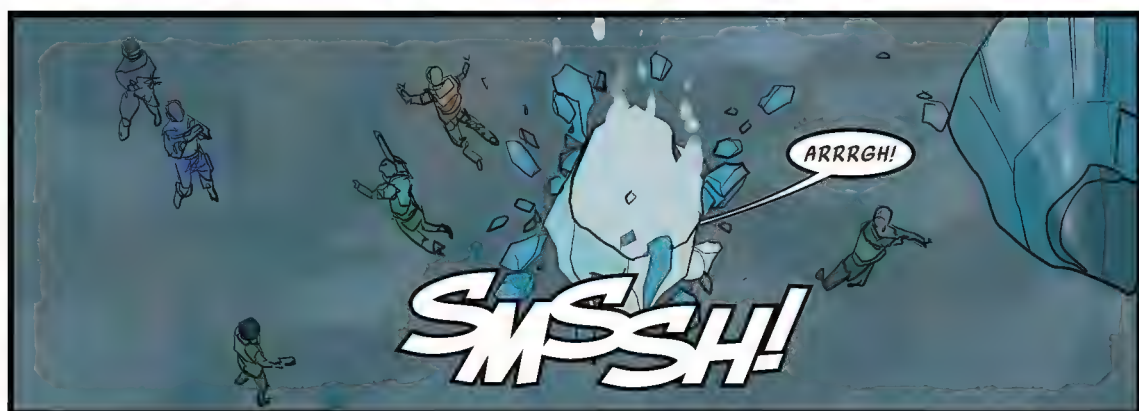
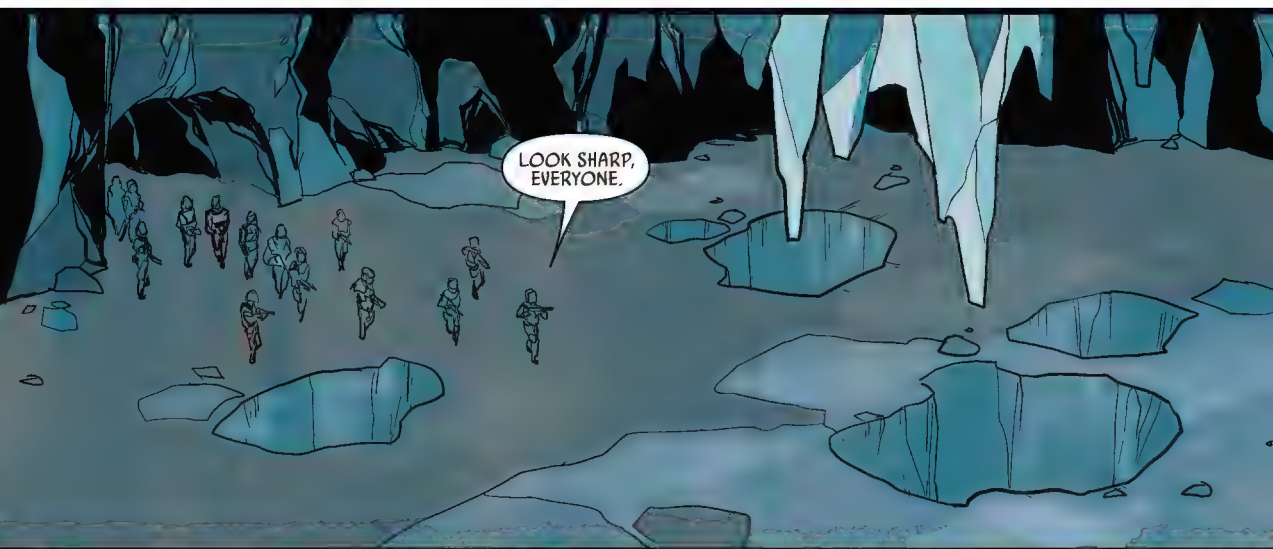
I WOULD
PREFER HIM ALIVE--
I'M SURE EITHER THE
RESISTANCE **OR** THE
FIRST ORDER WOULD
PAY DEARLY
FOR HIM.

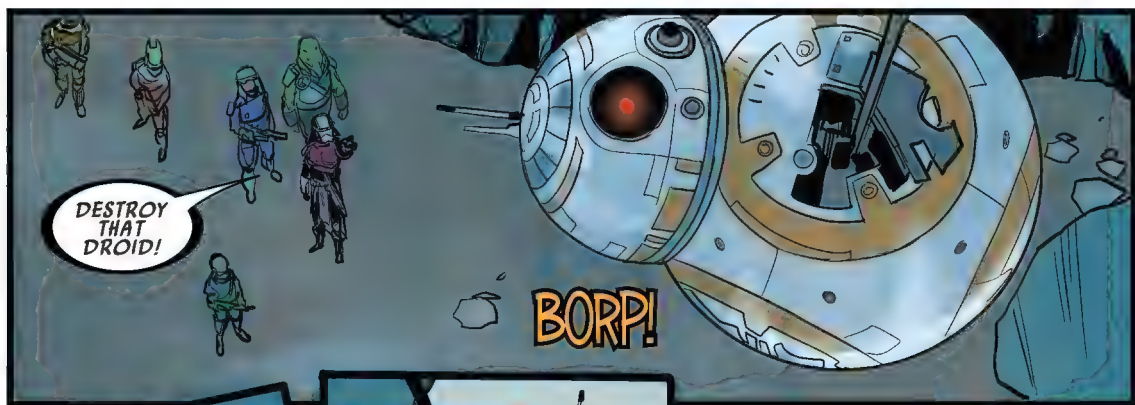
BUT, YOU
KNOW...



...EITHER
WAY.





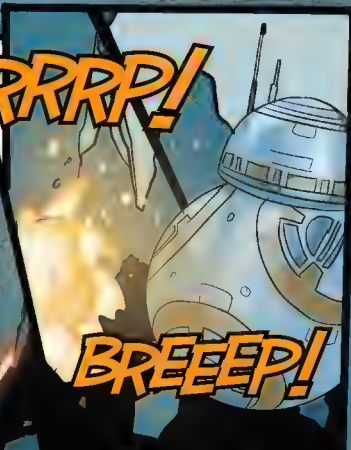


DESTROY
THAT
DROID!

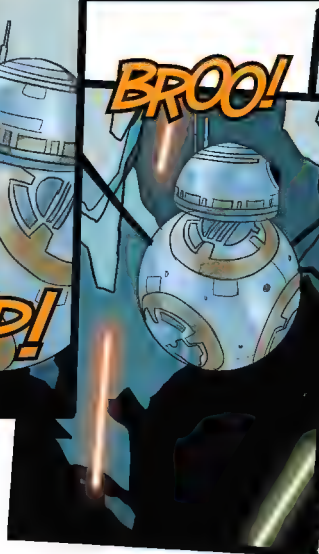
BORP!



WRRRP!



BREEEP!



BROO!

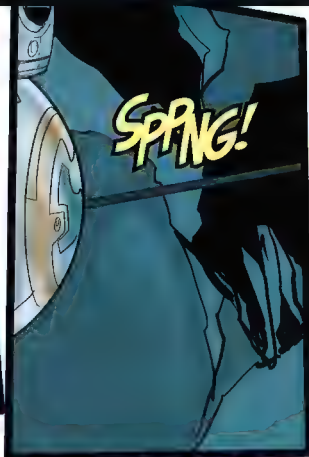
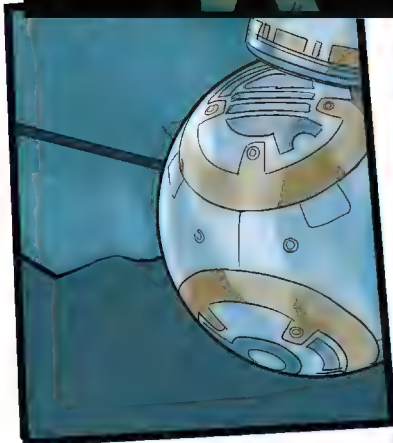


BREEP!



PATHETIC.

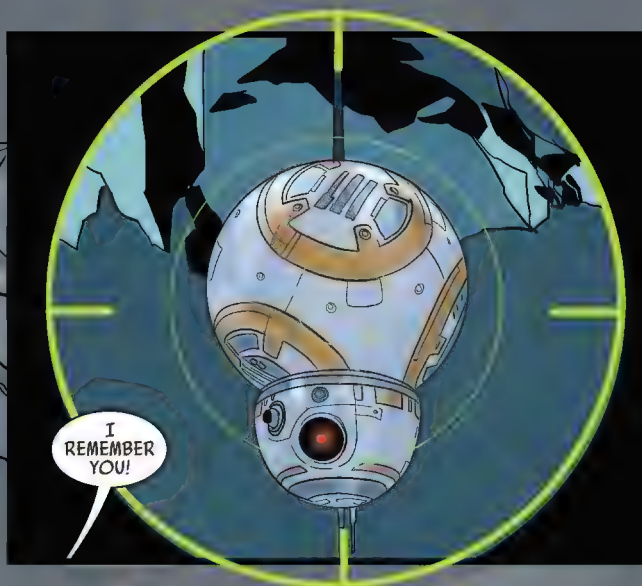
DID NO
ONE EVER
TEACH YOU TO
SHOOT?



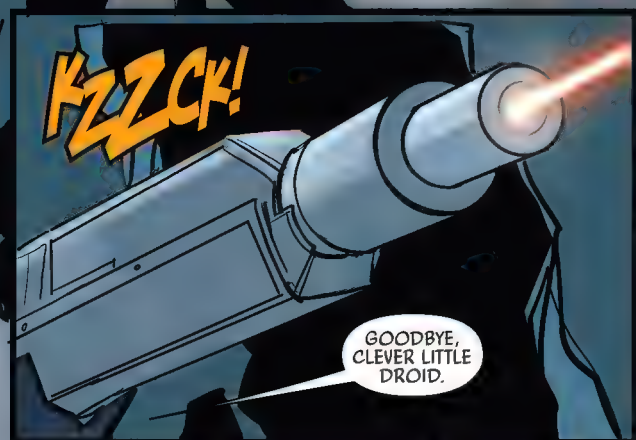
SPRING!

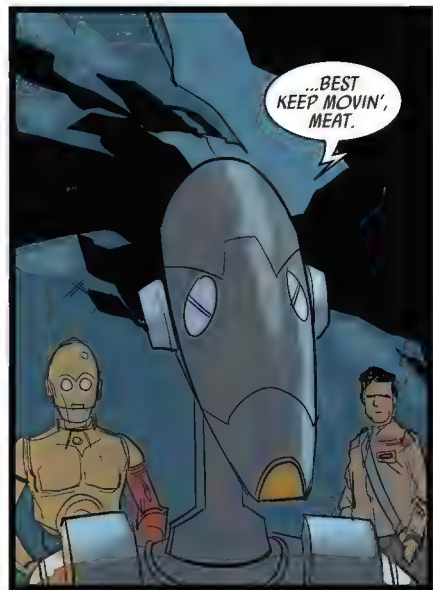
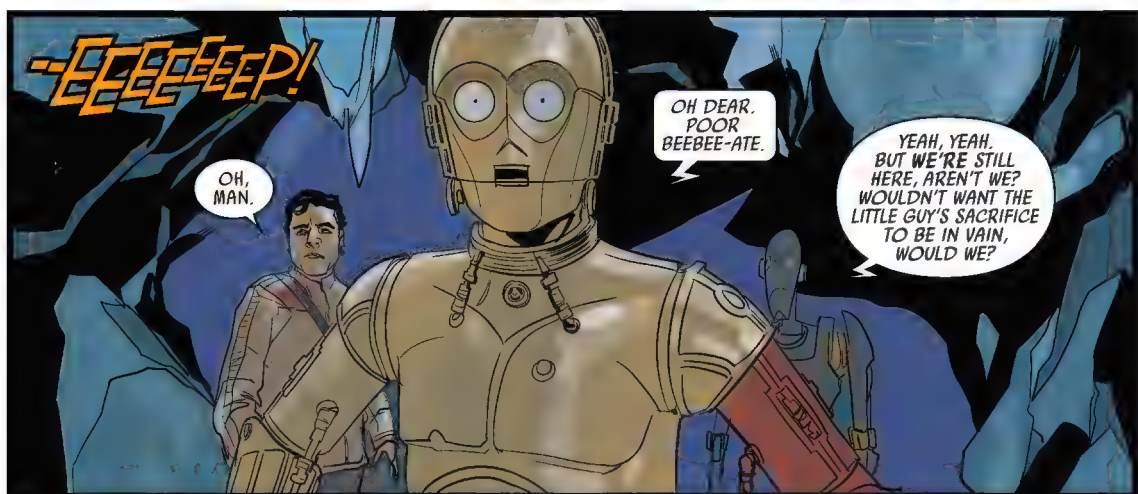
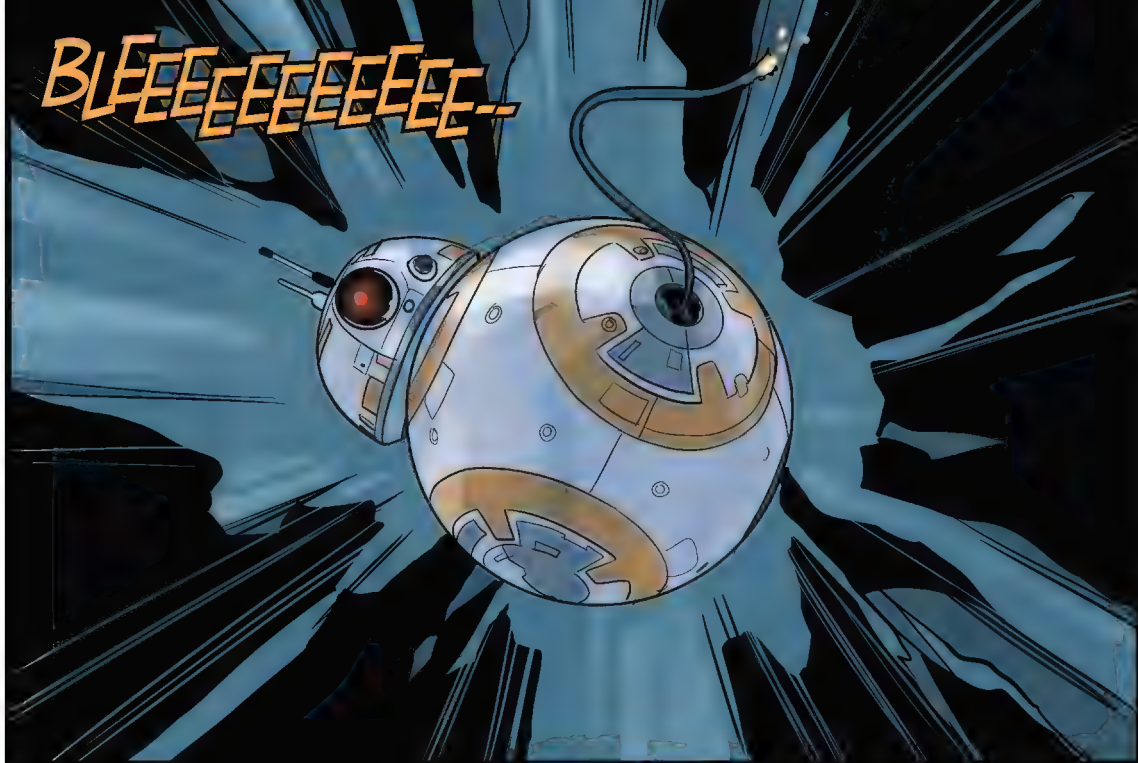


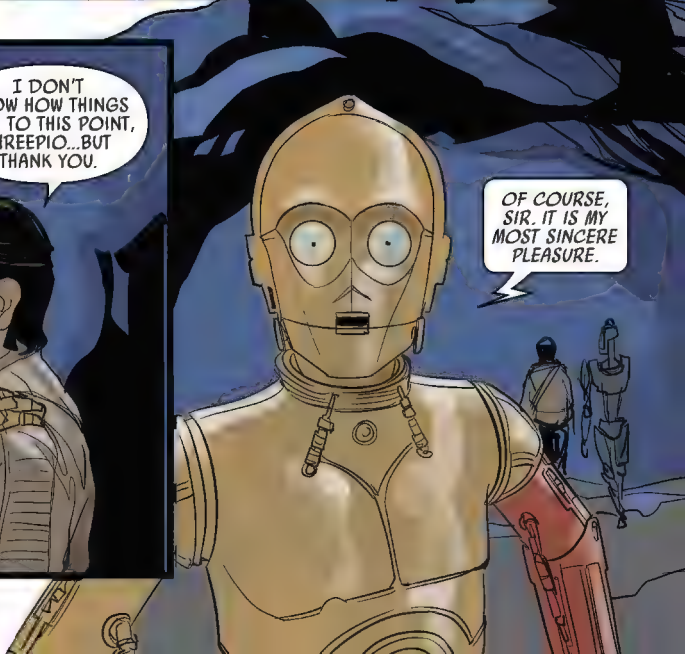
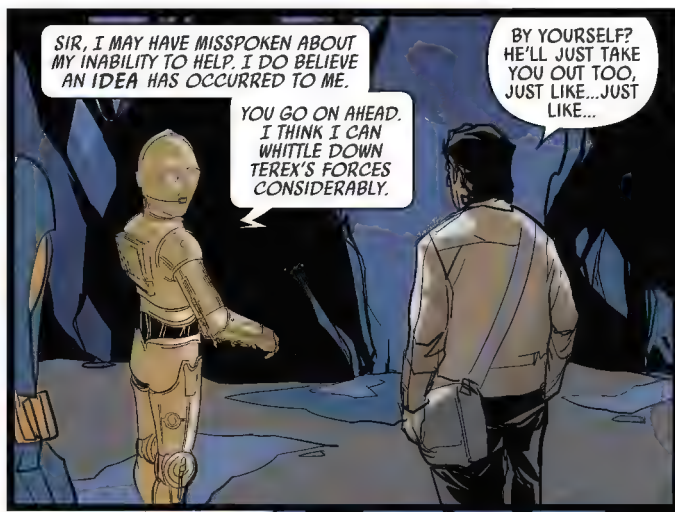
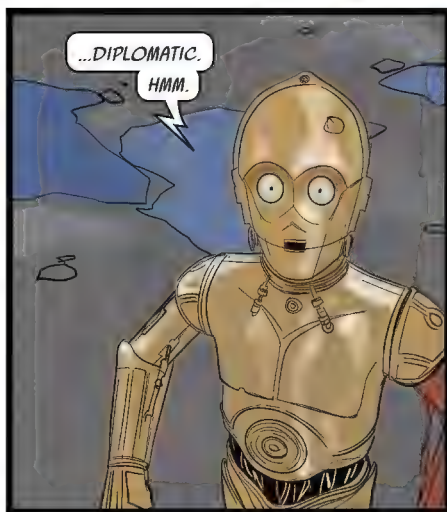
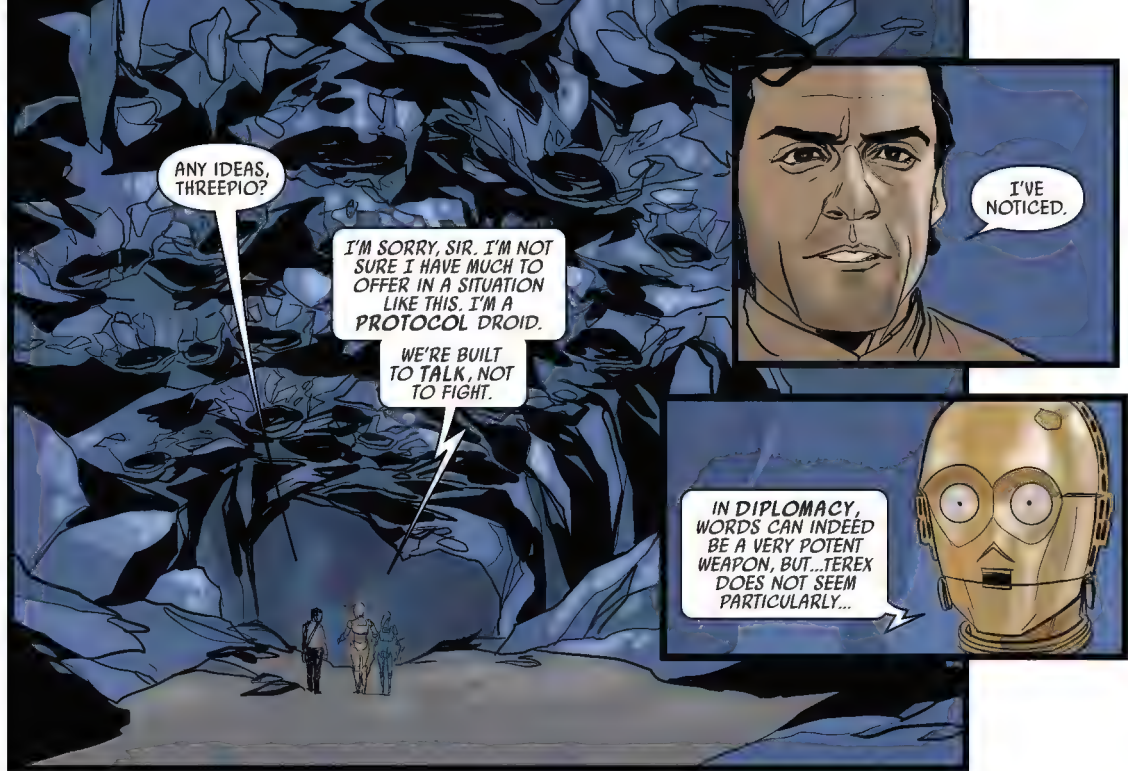
SZZK!

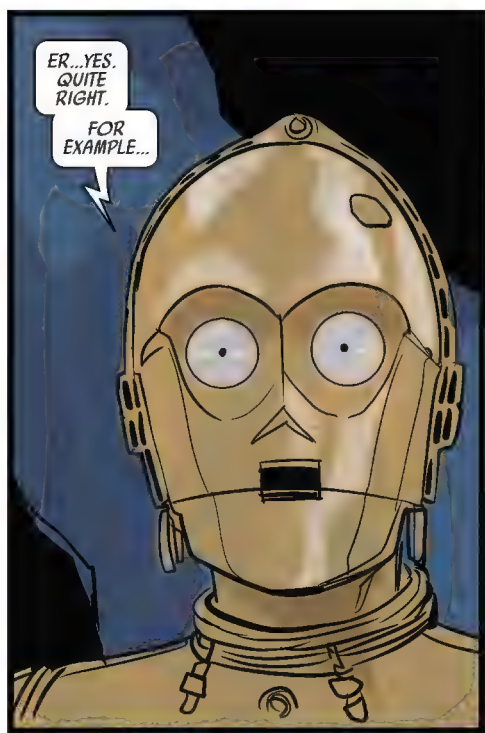
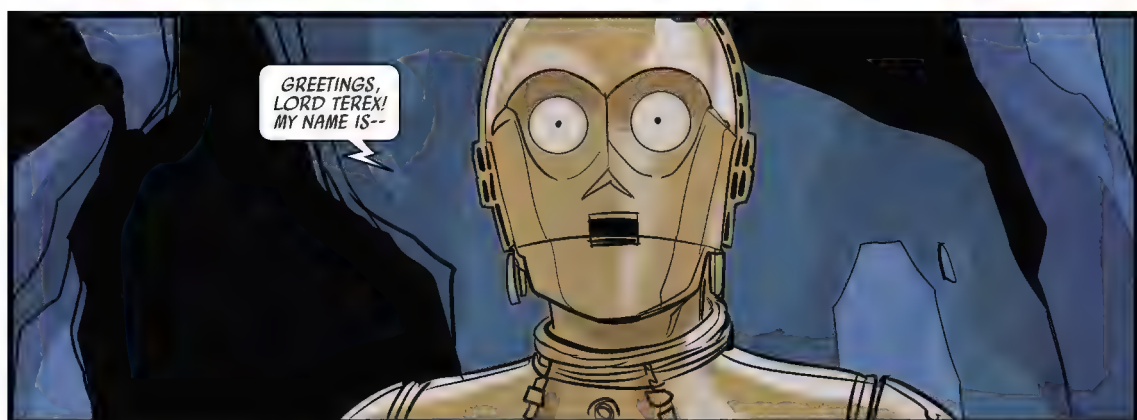
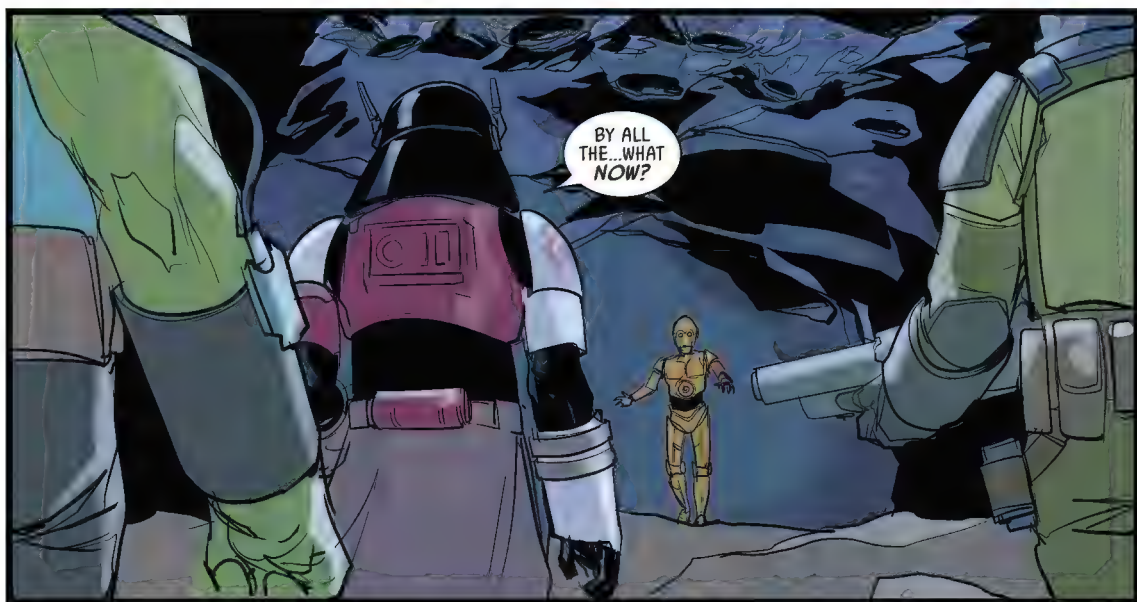


BREET
BLOOT! BREEEEP!

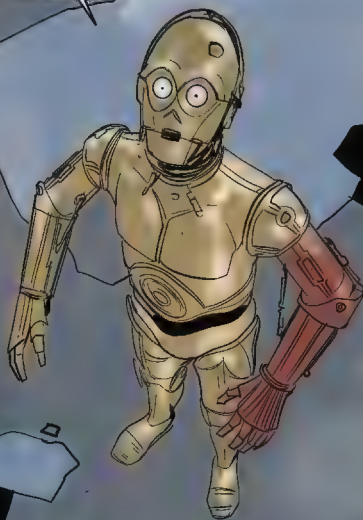




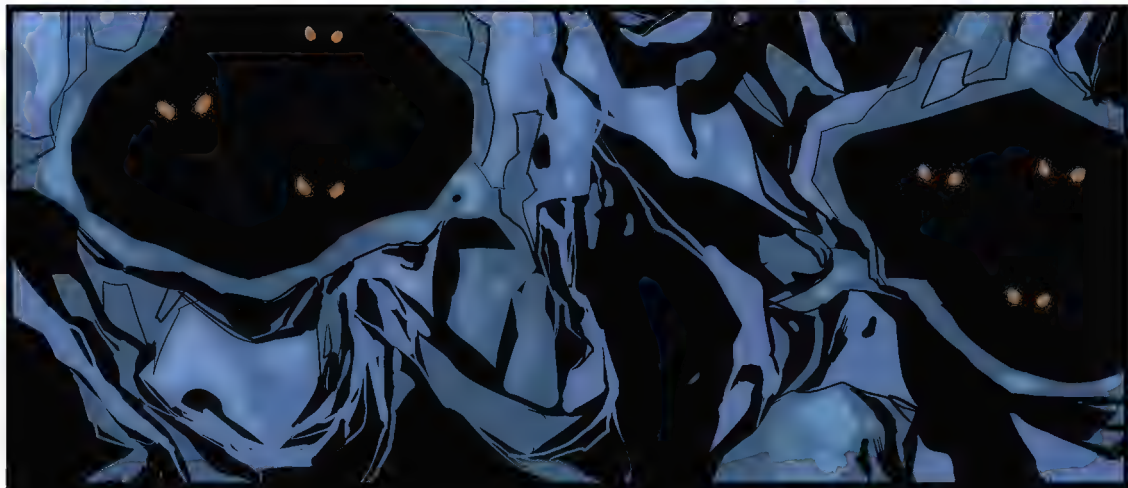




SQUUUVEEEEEERRRRRGNNNNNBKKKKK!*



*ALERT! ALARM! INTRUDERS! THEY
HAVE COME FOR THE YOUNGLINGS!



SQUEE! BRRRRKKK!
SQUIIINNNEEE!



...THE COMMUNICATION
STRATEGIES OF THE
FJOR-BATS NATIVE
TO THIS SYSTEM.

NOT THE MOST
SOPHISTICATED
LANGUAGE, OF COURSE,
BUT IT'S MOSTLY
INFRASONIC.



IT'S
REALLY QUITE
FASCINATING.

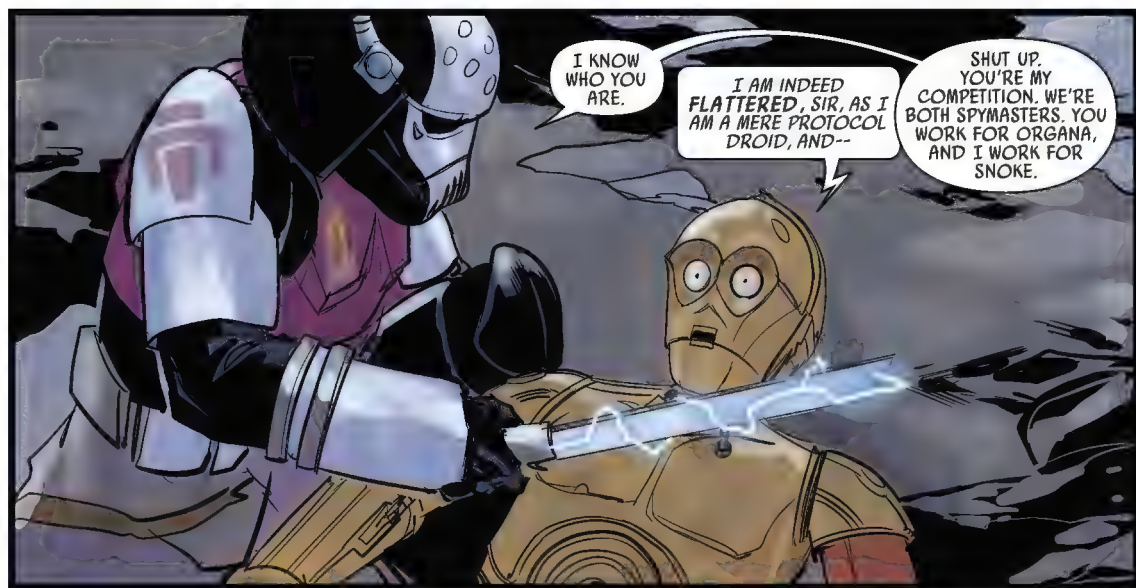
MY GOODNESS, I DO WISH
THE MAKER HAD FORESEEN
SOME OF THE SITUATIONS
I WOULD FIND MYSELF IN
OVER THE YEARS.

IF SO, THE ABILITY
TO RUN MIGHT HAVE
BEEN A NICE DESIGN
FEATURE TO INCL--



TOO
BAD FOR
YOU.

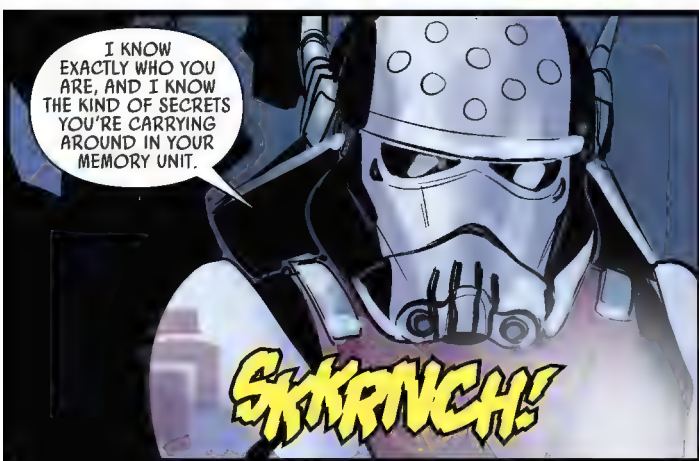
KRRZK!



I KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE.

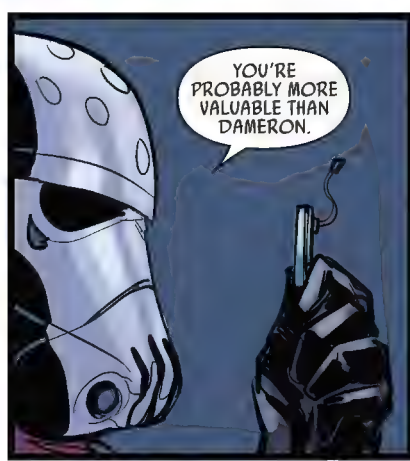
I AM INDEED
FLATTERED, SIR, AS I
AM A MERE PROTOCOL
DROID, AND--

SHUT UP.
YOU'RE MY
COMPETITION. WE'RE
BOTH SPYMASTERS. YOU
WORK FOR ORGANA,
AND I WORK FOR
SNOKE.



I KNOW
EXACTLY WHO YOU
ARE, AND I KNOW
THE KIND OF SECRETS
YOU'RE CARRYING
AROUND IN YOUR
MEMORY UNIT.

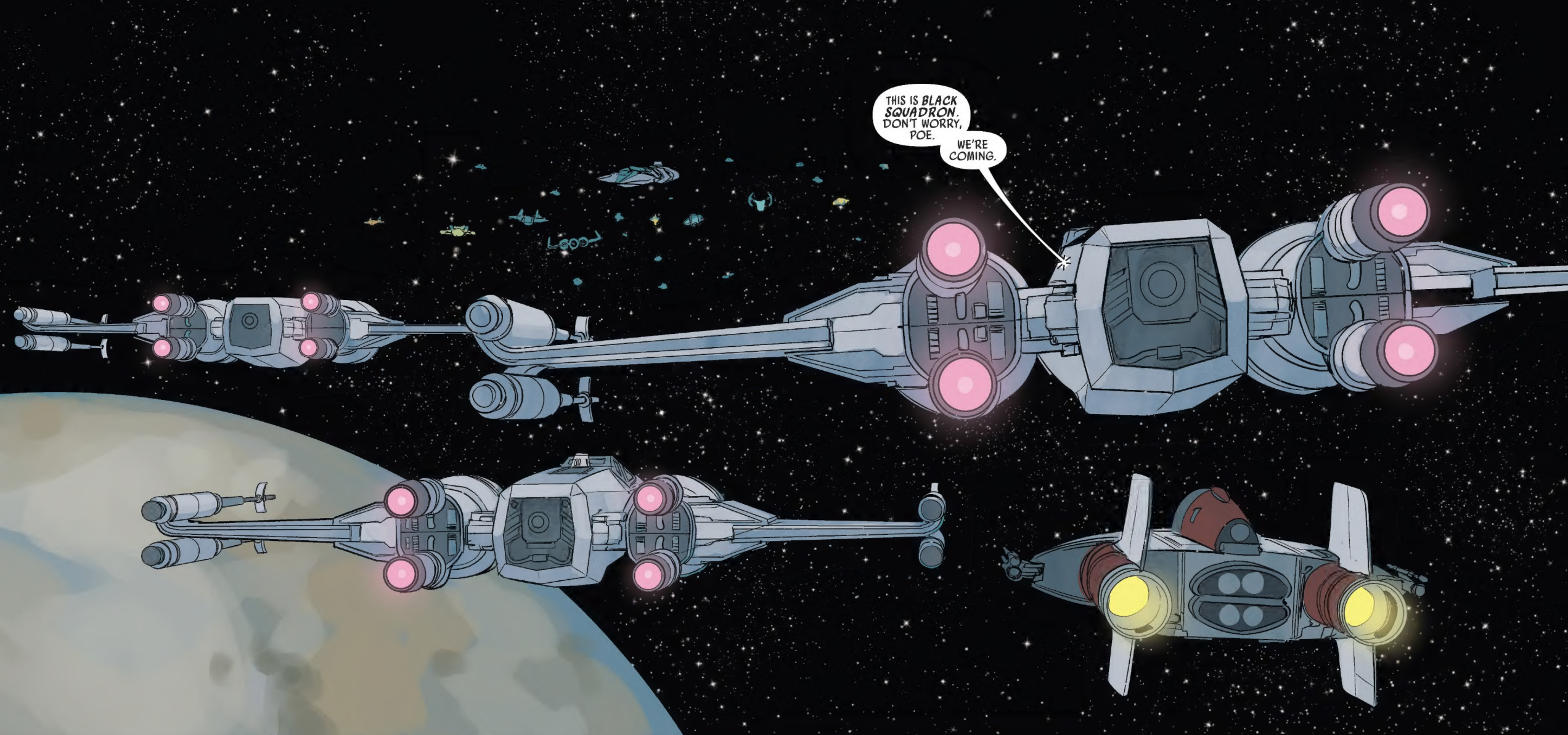
SKKRNVCH!



YOU'RE
PROBABLY MORE
VALUABLE THAN
DAMERON.







THIS IS **BLACK SQUADRON**.
DON'T WORRY, POE.
WE'RE COMING.



WE'VE GOT FOUR INCOMING SHIPS, BRRANG. ALL STARFIGHTERS. THREE X-WINGS--SLIGHTLY OUT OF DATE--AND AN ANCIENT A-WING.

THAT'S **BLACK SQUADRON**. LORD TEREX TOLD ME ABOUT THEM. ORGANA'S SECRET MISSIONS SQUAD. THEY MUST BE HERE TO TRY TO RESCUE DAMERON.



THAT YOU, SNAP? MAN, IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.

YOU TOO, POE--SORRY IT TOOK US SO LONG TO GET HERE. YOU OKAY?



FOR THE MOMENT.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I SAID!

OKAY-- LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY DOWN THERE-- BUT WE'LL DO IT. JUST HOLD ON--WE'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS WE CAN.

YOU GOT IT. THANKS AGAIN, **BLACK TWO**.



WHAT SHOULD WE DO, BRRANG? OUR FLEET'S OLDER, BUT WE OUTNUMBER THEM FIVE TO ONE, EASILY.

I THINK IT'S OBVIOUS. TEREX **HATES** THESE GUYS, ALMOST AS MUCH AS HE **HATES** POE.

"IMAGINE HOW
PLEASED HE'LL
BE WHEN WE TELL
HIM THEY'RE DEAD."



POE DAMERON

NEXT ISSUE:

